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WALTER AND HIS SISTER.

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Harry and his Pony.

HARRY AND HIS PONY.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE KITTY'S LIBRARY."



NEW YORK:

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I.

Harry and his Pony.

“GIVE yourself and all you have to Jesus!” These words rang in Harry Martin’s ears, as he walked home from a children’s missionary meeting one Sunday afternoon. They were the words of the clergyman who had spoken to the children, and who had told them how much Jesus had done for them. Their teacher had told the boys how Mr. Atkins — for that was the clergyman’s name — had given himself to Jesus years before,



and gone to a country far away from his home, to teach the heathen about Him, and Harry thought he looked as if he were very happy to be thus at work, he seemed so glad when he spoke of returning to the church which he had raised.

“But I am only a little boy,” said Harry to himself, as he walked slowly on; “if I should give myself to Jesus, I could not do much for Him.”

“You could do all he expects from you as a little boy,” something seemed to whisper in his heart; “it is your love and obedience that Jesus asks for.”

“Then what have I to give him besides myself?” said Harry. “I seldom have any money.”

Just then, he turned into the lane which led to his father's house, and a little pony came bounding over the field to the fence, and stood there neighing as Harry approached, ready to welcome him. It was Harry's pet pony, who always spent Sunday in the field, rolling about and eating the fresh grass. No doubt he thought Sunday was a very happy day. Harry often said he was sure that the pony knew when the day came.

“Dear little Brisk!” said Harry as he stopped and patted the affectionate creature's head over the bars, and gave him a piece of sugar from his pocket; “we love each other, don't we?” Then the thought came into his mind that perhaps his pony was one of the

things he could give to Jesus; but how? It would not do to sell him and give the money to the missionary society or to the poor, because he was a gift from his grandpapa, and he knew that his parents would not be willing that he should do that.

“You can use him for Jesus,” a voice seemed to whisper in his heart. He stood still by the fence, while the pony tried to put his nose through the bars to reach Harry’s pocket, to see if there was more sugar to be found there. But his little master’s thoughts were too much occupied to heed him. He remembered how only yesterday, when he was starting for a ride, his mother had asked him to take a few fresh eggs in a basket to a poor old



sick woman who lived about two miles distant, and how he had objected, because it was very troublesome to carry a basket and hold the reins too. Besides, he said, he would have to ride slowly or the eggs would be broken.

His mother had gone sadly into the house; for she said she would not allow him to do a kind action unwillingly, and so Mrs. Dawson did not get the eggs; for there was no one who could be spared to go on that busy Saturday afternoon.

Surely then he had not used his pony for Jesus.

He remembered, too, how often his little brother Willie had wanted to ride up and down the road in front of the house, while Harry led the pony, and



how seldom he gratified him, because he thought it such stupid work. Ah! he had used this gift for his own pleasure, not in Jesus' service.

The pony, by this time tired of trying in vain to attract Harry's notice, galloped away to the other side of the field, and Harry sat down on a large stone to think. The remembrance of all that the clergyman had said about the great love of Jesus to him, came into his mind.

"I will give myself to Jesus now, and all that I have shall be His," he said; "my pony too." Then, covering his face with his hands, he prayed in these words: "Take me, Lord Jesus, for thine own child, and help me to use all that I have for Thee."

He knew that Jesus had a right to every person and to every thing on the earth, so that he was only giving Him what belonged to Him already. But as his pony seemed glad to be his, and to be useful to him, obeying the slightest touch of the bridle, so Harry wished now to be glad to belong to Jesus, and to be willingly obedient to Him.

As Harry rose from the stone, Brisk saw him and ran to the fence again to be petted. Harry rested his cheek against his head, as he said, "Yes, old fellow, you and I have some work to do now."

Do you think that Harry was a very little boy to have all these thoughts? No child is too young to be taught by



the Holy Spirit, and many men who have been useful and happy servants of the Lord Jesus, all through their lives, listened when they were little boys to His heavenly teachings.

That evening, when Harry's mother came to his room to bid him good-night, he asked her if she had that basket of eggs yet for Mrs. Dawson. "Yes, my son," she replied; "I had no one to send with it."

"Then, mother, may I take it to her before I go to school in the morning? I shall have time enough if I get up early. I am sorry that I did not take it yesterday."

His mother gave him a kiss of forgiveness, as she told him the basket should be ready for him on the dining-

room table; and there he found it when he came down the next morning.

After his day's rest in the field, Harry's pony was inclined to start off on a fast gallop; but his little master made him understand that for a little while, at least, he must walk. He made up for his forbearance in coming home though; for he cantered or galloped all the way, only slackening his pace as he approached the front steps, where Harry stopped to speak to his mother, who was looking out for him. "I was just in time for Mrs. Dawson's breakfast," said he, "and she said a fresh egg was the very thing she had been wishing for."

I do not believe, however, that Mrs. Dawson enjoyed her breakfast as much



as Harry did his. The ride in the fresh morning air, and the feeling that he had made others happy, gave him a fine appetite.

He remembered, too, his determination to please his brother Willie; and when he returned from school that afternoon he delighted the little fellow by proposing to give him a ride. He brought his pony to the door, and waited for some one to come and lift Willie on his back, while their little dog Dash frisked about as if he thought the ride might be for his amusement too. For nearly an hour Harry walked most patiently by the pony's side, or led him by the bridle, while Willie rode from the barn to the gate and back to the house, over and



over again. He did not have to wait many days before he had the same pleasure ; indeed, Harry often gave him a ride in this way, so that in a few months Willie learned to manage Brisk so well that he could trot off by himself.

Jesus says, “ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” And so Harry found many opportunities to use his pony for Him.

Sometimes he went on errands for his mother to the village, which was about a mile distant, or to take messages to her friends, or oftener still, to carry some delicacy to a sick or poor person ; for his mother was always looking out for some one to whose



comfort she could minister, from the abundance of good things with which their farm supplied them.

Harry did not give up his errands of love and mercy when his pony could not carry him, as was once the case when Brisk was lame for a few weeks, because he had stepped on a piece of broken glass. Harry used his own feet then, though of course he could not go quite as far as when he used his pony.

Every day he prayed to Jesus to make him more truly His child, and to teach him how to use every thing he had in His service.





II.

Walter and His Little Sister.

“O WALTER! stop a minute,—
take me with you,” called little
Carrie to her brother, as she ran out to
the piazza, and saw him taking the
path which led to the woods.

But Walter walked straight on as if
he did not hear, though he heard her
all the time. He said to himself,
“No, I don’t want you; I am going to
have a good time. Girls are always in
the way, tumbling down or screaming
because they think they see a snake,



or hear some frightful noise." Poor little Carrie, after calling until he was out of sight, went into the house, feeling sad and disappointed, trying to believe that Walter did not hear her; for she loved him so much that she could not bear to think that he did not want her with him.

But did Walter have the good time he had expected? No; for he really loved his little sister, and after the first feeling of satisfaction at having eluded her passed away, and he reached the woods, he began to feel very uncomfortable, because he knew that she was unhappy at being left behind. He wondered if she were crying. He tried to forget her in looking for wild flowers; but he could not, and the



woods, which he expected to find so pleasant, seemed still and gloomy. "I know what I'll do," he said at last; "I'll make a wreath of wild flowers for Carrie; she is always pleased with that." And he set to work gathering the flowers which were growing about him in great profusion. After he had filled his hat, he sat down on a rock to make the wreath; the gloom had all passed away now, and every thing about him seemed beautiful. He looked at the bright sunlight softened by the green foliage, and listened to the singing of the birds and the murmuring of the brook beside him, with a new sense of enjoyment; for love and kind feelings had come into his heart, and so he was in harmony with all that God had made.



Do you understand what I mean, my little reader? Can you enjoy the beautiful flowers, and trees, and birds, and the bright sunshine, when you are cross and out of humor, as you can when your heart is full of love to your dear friends, and you are at peace with every one?

As soon as Walter had finished the wreath, he started to take it home to Carrie. But he had only followed the windings of the brook a short distance when he heard voices, and in a few moments, to his delight and surprise, he saw his sister coming toward him.

Their kind Aunt Lizzie had met her as she was going up-stairs after her disappointment, and, hearing how matters stood, had told her to get her hat

and they would go to the woods together. So here they were; and oh, how pleased Carrie was, when she found that Walter was glad to see her! She was more delighted yet when he showed her the wreath.

“O you dear, kind brother! to make this beautiful thing for me,” she said, as she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. It was well for the wreath that Aunt Lizzie had it in her hands admiring it, or it would have been crushed between them.

Then Carrie climbed on a rock, and, taking off her hat, sat very still and dignified while her aunt placed the wreath on her head. She looked so sweet and pretty that Walter felt very proud of her, and he determined that



he would never be unkind to such a dear little sister again.

They had a pleasant walk together after that, and Walter found that the company of his sister added much to his enjoyment.





III.

The Little Beauty.

LITTLE Dolly Blossom went to spend a few days at her grand-mamma's. She was always glad to go there, for her grandmamma was very kind to her, and allowed her to play with so many old and curious things, which she had kept for years, such as shells, beads, and ribbons. They were so entirely different from any of the toys which she had at home, that she liked them much better. But her greatest delight was a trunk filled

with old-fashioned dresses, hoods, caps, and various other articles, which she could put on and amuse herself with as she pleased.

The second day of her visit, she came running into the sitting-room decked in this old-fashioned finery, and there sat Miss Patty Craft, one of the neighbors, talking with her grand-mamma. Dolly was running away when she saw the visitor, but Miss Patty called her back. "Let me look at you, my dear," she said; "how fine you are! Fit to go to a ball, I am sure." Then, turning to Dolly's grand-mamma, she added in a whisper loud enough for the child to hear, "What a little beauty she is!"

Dolly wondered if her grandmamma



was displeased, for she made no reply to Miss Patty, and told her to go and finish her play. But certainly Dolly was pleased, if her grandmamma was not. She hunted through the trunk to see if she could not find something prettier to wear, and over and over again Miss Patty's words, — "What a little beauty!" — came into her mind. She had never heard any one say so before ; but it must be true, for Miss Patty was old enough to know, and wore such large glasses that she must be able to see if any one was. Poor, silly child ! She did not know that Miss Patty had only made the remark because she thought it would please her grandmamma ; for Dolly, though a pleasing, happy-looking child, as all

children are when they are neat and good-tempered, was far from being a beauty. Now, however, she was in great danger of becoming a vain little girl, whom not any amount of beauty can make agreeable.

At the dinner-table her grandmamma wondered what was the matter; she tossed her head from side to side with such an air, and pursed up her mouth in such a peculiar manner that she could hardly eat.

After dinner, when her grandmamma went to take a nap, Dolly had the sitting-room to herself; and putting on one of the caps which she found in the trunk, she climbed up to the looking-glass to admire "the little beauty." She made so many gestures, and twist-

ed her features in so many ways to try different expressions, that she did not look like the same happy-looking, simple-hearted child who had brushed her hair before the glass that morning.

By and by grandmamma finished her nap and came down. "Dolly," said she, "do you know that you have left that room up-stairs in great confusion? I want you to put every thing away in the trunk when you have finished playing."

"I should think Sally might do it," said the little girl, seating herself in a chair by the window, as if she had no idea of going up-stairs.

"Sally has her own work to do," said her grandmamma; "and I am sure my little Dolly loves to please me

so much that she will go and put every thing away very nicely."

But not even these kind words could move Dolly. She pouted out her lips and looked very cross, while she thought, "Here I am such a beauty, and grandmamma wants me to work as if I wasn't. I am not going to do it."

Grandmamma did not say any more ; but sat quietly knitting in her easy-chair, while Dolly sat still too, though she found it very tiresome, for her restless little feet wanted to be in motion ; she wished her grandmamma would speak again.

At last Dolly could bear it no longer. "Grandmamma," said she, "Miss Patty said I was a little beauty."

The old lady put down her knitting,



and looked at Dolly over her spectacles. Now the bad behavior was all explained; the little girl had been giving way to vanity, and that had caused her to be so disobedient and disrespectful to one who loved her so much.

“Come here, my child,” said her grandmamma, “and tell me what you think Miss Patty would say now?”

Dolly obeyed, glad of an excuse to use her feet once more, and feeling all the time that perhaps Miss Patty would not call her a beauty if she knew how naughty she had been.

Grandmamma lifted her tenderly into her lap, and then said: “When you came into the house yesterday, looking so bright and happy, and was

so good-tempered all the time, I thought what a darling our Dolly is ; and it was such a pleasure to have you here, that I wanted to fold you in my arms, and kiss you all the time ; but this afternoon you have been such a different little girl that I have been wondering if I can love you any more."

" Oh ! but you'll have to love me," sobbed Dolly, throwing her arms around the dear old lady, " because I am your own little granddaughter, and I don't mean to be naughty any more."

" Then, darling, you would rather have me love you than flatter you as Miss Patty did."

" O, yes, grandmamma, a great deal rather."



“ You are right, my pet ; to be loved is better than to be admired, and lovely, gentle actions are worth more than a beautiful face. Will you not ask Jesus to give you a loving and obedient heart, and then you will try only to do right ? ”

I think Dolly meant to answer Yes by the tight, loving squeeze and the many kisses she gave her grandmamma ; and then she ran up-stairs to put away all the things that were scattered about the room. When she went home, her grandmamma gave her a card to hang in her room, with these words printed upon it :

“ Ah, blessed Spirit ! come to me,
Say I am God’s dear child ;
Fill my young life with purity,
Kind, thankful, patient, mild.



My heart a holy, happy place,
Its law thy blessed word ;
Make it a temple of Thy grace ;
Abide in me, O Lord ! ”





IV.

The Lame Boy.

JESSE WHITE had once been one of the most active boys in the village where he lived. In foot-ball, prisoner, tag, or any of the games which required agility in running, jumping, or leaping, he was sure to be foremost, and in winter, when coasting for a time took the place of all other amusements, no boy could be quicker in dragging his sled up the hills, or more expert in guiding it to the foot. But there came a time when all this activ-

ity was suddenly ended, and he became lame for life. He was skating with a party of boys on the pond, the ice was in fine condition, and they were enjoying it greatly, when all at once Jesse fell on the hard, slippery surface. Such tumbles were so common among them that the boys thought nothing of it, and called out to him to get up and try again. But when they noticed that he scarcely moved, two or three of them tried to lift him. Then he groaned so piteously that they saw he was seriously hurt.

It was a great blessing that Farmer Gills was just passing with his sled, on his way to the woods. He stopped his team, and, as soon as he found out the trouble, lifted Jesse as carefully as



possible, laid him on the old buffalo robe on his sled, and drove to the village.

It was very sad for his mother to see her boy, who had left home so active and well not an hour before, now brought back, thus suffering and helpless. She was sadder still when the doctor, who came immediately, found that the thigh was broken, and said it would be many weeks before Jesse could walk again. She was so distressed at this that he did not add what he feared, — that the injury was of such a nature that her boy might be always lame.

At first Jesse could think of little beyond the present pain, which was very hard to bear; but as the days

passed on, and he found himself obliged to remain still in one position, he began to ask, "When shall I be able to walk again?"

"Have patience for a week or two," was always the doctor's reply; "I can tell you better then."

There was much to make the days pass pleasantly after the severe pain was gone, if only it had not been so hard to keep still; his mother read to him or told him interesting stories, his sister played games with him, and the school-boys came in now and then. It was a very happy day when he was permitted to sit up and have his chair wheeled to the window. Two of his companions, who came while he was there, rejoiced with him, and talked of



the fun they would have when ball-time came; for they all supposed of course that he would soon be on the play-ground now.

Poor Jesse! when the boys assembled on the green for their first game of ball, he was just beginning to walk about the room on crutches. He soon learned to use them so skilfully, however, that he could go all about the house and garden, which was now charming with its spring flowers. He was delighted to be able to walk about at all, though he looked upon his crutches as only helps, to be thrown away after a while. But when weeks passed on, and he was yet unable to walk and run as the other boys did, he began to feel discouraged.

“O mother!” said he, one morning, “shall I never be able to walk without these crutches again?”

His mother’s heart ached for her boy, as she remembered the doctor’s answer to the same question which she had asked only a few days before, — that he would probably always be obliged to use at least one crutch.

But how could she tell Jesse the whole truth at once? She would try to prepare his mind for it gradually. As soon as she could trust her voice to speak, she said: “I hope you will some day, my son; but suppose you should not, what then?”

“O mother! I could not bear it,” was the quick reply.

“Not if it were the dear Saviour’s will, Jesse?” said his mother, gently.



The boy was silent for a little while. The resolutions he had made when in his sick-room, to be different when he was well again from what he had ever been before, came to his mind ; how he had determined to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and not to live only for his own pleasure. But then he had thought of being a minister or missionary, perhaps, not a mere useless sufferer.

His mother did not interrupt his thoughts, though she longed to clasp him in her arms and tell him how much she pitied as well as loved him ; but she knew she must help him to be strong, not weep over him. At last she said : “ You have often heard me speak of Miss Abby Lane, and of how

long she has been too ill to leave her bed."

Oh, yes! Jesse said, he had often heard of her; he knew the house where she lived very well; and he called to mind how the boys always hushed their shouts as they passed it, and looked up at her darkened windows with feelings of pity, mingled somewhat with awe. His mother said it was four years since she had left her bed.

Four years! Why, that seemed a large part of a boy's life; he had had four seasons of coasting and skating and summer plays on the green, since she had lain there.

"She is always cheerful and smiling when I go to see her," said his

mother, “and really looks happier than many of my friends who are well, and able to go wherever they wish.”

“But, mother,” said Jesse, “how can she be happy?”

“Because she knows that Jesus loves her, and the thought that He will not send her one pain more than He thinks best, helps her to bear it all; she feels sure that Jesus is with her all the time, though she cannot see Him, and He helps her to be patient and cheerful.”

“Ah!” thought Jesse, “I wonder if I could ever feel so.” And then from his heart went up a prayer that God would help him to bear whatever trial He might send him.

And his prayer was answered, not

only at that time, but each day as he prayed. He became more happy and cheerful ; and though as his lameness did not disappear he felt often discouraged, he still tried to say, “ God’s will be done.”

A few weeks after this conversation, his mother asked him to go in her place to visit Miss Abby, and take her some flowers.

“ I sent her word yesterday that I would come, but now I find I cannot, and I fear she will be so disappointed.”

Jesse hesitated ; here was an opportunity for him to oblige his mother, and help one more suffering than himself ; but though he had now commenced to walk with only one crutch, it was a great trial to him to be seen



using it outside his father's gate. His mother left him to consider the question, and went to the garden to gather the flowers, hoping that he would conclude to go. She was not disappointed; for when she returned with the flowers, she found him waiting for her at the garden gate, and she had not seen him look so animated and happy for a long time. It was the thought that he could still do something for the good of others which made him so.

His mother looked with surprise at his school-bag, which he had slung over his shoulder; but she smiled with pleasure when he said that he had put two or three of his books in it, thinking that perhaps Miss Abby

might like to look at them, or hear him read a story.

It was a short walk to the house where Miss Abby lived with her mother and sister, and, to Jesse's great relief, he met no one. Her sister opened the door for him, and took him at once into Miss Abby's room. She greeted him with a pleasant, happy smile ; and, though her face was very thin and pale, her eyes were so bright, and she spoke in such a cheerful tone, that Jesse could hardly realize that she was unable to rise from her bed. She was delighted with the flowers, and had them placed at once in a glass where she could look at them all the time.

“ They tell me of my Father's love,”

she said. "He made them for me and for you, too, my dear boy," she added, as she noticed how earnestly Jesse looked at her; "don't you love the flowers?"

"Oh, yes!" said he; "but I can see them in the garden, while you are shut up here all the time."

"You know something of being obliged to stay in one room all the time, don't you, Jesse?" replied Miss Abby. "I have thought of you, and felt sorry for you many times; but I love to think that Jesus feels more sorry for you than I do, or than any one can, and He will make you happy, even though you cannot walk and run with the other boys."

Jesse's eye brightened; and, though

he made no reply, Miss Abby felt sure, from the expression of his face, that he understood her, and that the dear Saviour was teaching him precious lessons of love, trust, and gentleness. Then she asked him what he had in his large bag, and when he told her she begged him to read her a story. She listened with much interest, and when it was finished, said she would be so glad if he would come and read to her again.

“Why, mother,” said Jesse, as he was giving an account of his visit after he reached home, “Miss Abby seemed as cheerful as any one, though she is so sick.”

“She is always so,” said his mother; “she says she cannot help feeling



happy, for she knows that Jesus loves and cares for her. I do not doubt that your visit gave her a great deal of pleasure, and that she looked upon it as one of the tokens of His love."

Jesse went very often to see Miss Abby after this, and his visits were a great help to him; for he not only learned patience from her example, but it was a comfort to him to know that, though he was lame, he could be of use to some one; and Miss Abby always welcomed him so gladly that he was sure his visits made her happy.

He never recovered so far as to run with the boys on the play-ground again, though he went on his one crutch to school, and sometimes joined them in their more quiet games. But



as years passed, instead of his first exclamation to his mother, in view of his life-long lameness, — “I could not bear it,” — he learned to say, “I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.”





V.

Jack's Faithful Friend.

POOR little Jack! His mother was dead, and his father had gone away, and he had no home, nor friends I was going to say; but he had one, his dog Shock.

When his mother died, and he was obliged to leave the garret-room where they had lived together, he wandered off into the street and sat down upon a door-step, feeling very forlorn and desolate. Then a miserable, half-starved-looking dog came up to him



and laid his head on his knee, as if he would say, "I am alone in the world too ; let us be friends." He licked the hand which Jack put out to pat him, and then curled himself up by his side, as if he thought the bargain was made, and they were not to be separated. Jack looked all about, but there did not seem to be any one who cared for the dog or who had any claim to him, and so he let him remain, very well pleased to have such a companion.

"I haven't any thing for you, poor fellow," said he ; " but if I do get any supper, you shall share it with me."

A few minutes after, a woman came out of the kitchen-door, and gave Jack a piece of bread and some cold meat.

" I saw you from the window," she



said, "and thought you looked hungry, so I brought you this; but you must go away and eat it; for we don't like to have any one on the steps. But wait a minute," she added, as she noticed Shock, "and I will get you a bone for your dog." The hungry animal took it eagerly from her hand, and carrying it in his mouth, followed Jack down the street.

Jack stopped at a grocery store where there were a number of empty barrels, and sitting down behind one of them, he ate the supper which the woman had given him, throwing a little of the meat to the dog, to add to the relish of the bone which he was gnawing.

They slept in one of the barrels that



night, and the next day they wandered about the streets again. A gentleman gave Jack a few pennies for holding his horse, and he bought a loaf of bread, which he divided with his dog.

Jack remembered that one of the neighbors where he had lived with his mother, had a dog called Shock, so he gave that name to his new friend. A week passed by, and still they kept together, sleeping at night in an empty barrel or under door-steps.

Sometimes Jack earned a little money by carrying parcels or holding a horse; but whatever he bought with it or whatever was given to him, he shared with Shock.

One day, they walked a short distance out of the city, and they came

near a factory. It was a little after twelve, and the workmen were seated in various places about the yard, and outside the gates, eating their dinner. Jack and his dog had none to eat, and they were very hungry, for they had had no breakfast. Jack sat down under a tree at a little distance from the factory, thinking that when the men commenced to work he would ask them for something to do.

Shock lay beside him for a few minutes, then darted up suddenly, and ran toward the wall where two men were eating. Before they even saw him, he snatched up part of a loaf of bread, and ran off with it to his little master.

The men chased after him, the one whose dinner he had stolen feeling



somewhat vexed ; but the other laughing at what he considered a good joke. The dog had just placed the loaf at Jack's feet when the men came up. The boy was frightened at what Shock had done. He took up the bread and handed it to the man.

“ Indeed, sir,” said he, “ I am very sorry. Shock never did such a thing before.”

“ Perhaps he thought you needed it more than I do,” said the man, who was quite good-natured again.

“ Have you had any dinner ? ”

“ No, sir,” said Jack.

“ Nor any breakfast ? ”

“ No, sir.”

“ Then I think you do need the bread, and you may keep it, and I will give you some meat to eat with it.”

Then he went for the pail in which he carried his dinner, and gave a large portion of it to Jack.

The other man followed his example, and when they left Jack and his dog to enjoy by themselves the best meal they had had for many days, they told him to come to them when it was finished.

When he made his appearance, they took him to the man who had charge of the factory, who gave him work there that afternoon. He did so well that he was engaged for a week, and then afterward taken as an apprentice to learn the trade. The man whose dinner Shock had stolen, took Jack and his dog to board at his house.

Thus Shock found him work and a



home ; for he might not have obtained either so speedily if he had not been kind to the dog, and allowed him to stay with him.

Shock was a great favorite with all the men. He was not allowed to come into the factory, but he used to wait outside the gates every evening for Jack. He was so well fed that he was never guilty of stealing again.

Jack used to tell the story sometimes to the children of the workmen, and he generally ended by saying, " A dog cannot know how wicked it is to take what does not belong to him ; but you and I have learned the commandment which says, ' Thou shalt not steal,' and so we must not follow his example in that, though we may in being kind to those who are kind to us."



VI.

Miss Alice's Picnic.

IT was a very hot day ; so Ida Merton said, as she went from room to room in her father's house in the country, trying to find a cool place, fanning herself vigorously all the time ; so the chickens seemed to think as they gathered under the thick ever-green trees for shade from the rays of the sun ; even the cows in the field left the clover-blossoms to the bees, and lay down under the great chestnut trees in the corner of the pasture lot, to escape from the heat.



There was another little girl, about Ida's age, who thought it was very hot, too; but she lived in the city, in a crowded tenement-house, and the two rooms, which were all her mother occupied, did not give her much chance of wandering about for a cool spot.

The only change from these would have been the street, where the sun was blazing upon the pavement, or the back yard, which was filled with clothes, that some one of the families in the house always had hanging out to dry for themselves or other people, and where many feet had entirely trodden down every blade of grass which had ever tried to grow.

So, as this little girl knew it would

do no good to fret, as the smaller children in the other rooms were fretting, she could only wait—with that patient endurance which the children of the poor so early learn—for the evening, when the sun would go down, and she might seek a breath of air on the sidewalk, or go with her mother to the wharves, a few blocks from the house, where they sometimes spent the summer evenings.

She could not wait in idleness, however; she had to help her mother finish some work which must be taken home that night. For her mother was obliged to sew all day to earn the money to pay the rent of the two rooms, which would seem very uncomfortable to many of my readers.

But little Hetty Gray — for that was her name — was not forgotten. Her Sunday-school teacher was thinking of her on that very day, and wondering if she could not form some plan for giving Hetty and the rest of her Sunday scholars the enjoyment of a day in the country.

Miss Alice, as the children called her, was Ida's cousin, and their country homes were close together. In the winter they lived in the city, where Miss Alice taught in a mission Sunday school. Her only regret in going to the country was, that she must leave her class; though she went occasionally to visit the children, for the city was at no great distance. Thus she knew how stifling and close their

homes were, and what a treat it would be to them to come into the beautiful country, which some of them had never seen.

“I might invite them here, and let them play in the orchard and in the grove,” she thought; and she hastened to her mother’s room, to see what she would say to the plan. She gave a ready consent, and the next morning the young Sunday-school teacher started to the city to give her invitations.

She went with her father in an early train, and, as it was not quite an hour’s ride, she hoped to return before the hottest part of the day. Ida was surprised to hear that she had gone, when she came to see if cousin Alice

could not tell her of some amusement, to make the day seem less tedious than yesterday had been. She was very glad when her aunt told her about the picnic; she thought she should like to play with the children very much.

She asked permission to go in the carriage when it was sent to the depot for her cousin, that she might hear all about it as they drove home.

Miss Alice was quite as much pleased to tell about her morning's work as Ida was to listen. She had not thought much about the heat, the children were all so glad to see her. She had gone first to Hetty Gray's, and as she described the close rooms, and the pale, languid appearance of the child, Ida thought she would never grumble about the heat again.

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“You should have seen Hetty’s sparkling eyes, and heard her exclamations of delight, when I told her what I had come for,” said Miss Alice. “Her mother said she had not been in the country since she was a baby.”

“How many are coming, and what day?” asked Ida.

“I told them to come day after tomorrow,” replied her cousin; “and there will be ten children in all. I have seven little girls in my class; two of them have brothers near their own age, who were at home when I called, and looked so wistfully when I invited their sisters, that I could not help telling them to come too. The carriage will not hold them all, so I have engaged the omnibus

from the depot to bring them to the house."

Ida looked somewhat troubled when she heard that boys were coming; she was afraid they might be rude; but her cousin assured her that they looked like very well-behaved little fellows.

Mrs. Gray was coming with the children, to take care of them in the cars. Miss Alice had told her that her mother wanted to see her about some work she would like to have done.

Thursday morning came, and at nine o'clock a happy party of children were brought to Mr. Baker's door. "It was just the day for a picnic," Ida said; "there was such a pleasant



breeze, that it would be cool all the time in the grove."

Miss Alice had no trouble in finding amusement for her little visitors. They seemed to think it enjoyment enough to run about on the grass under the trees, or to walk in the garden with Ida, or to watch the chickens in the orchard. Not one child touched a flower or picked any fruit without permission. A table was spread in the grove for their dinner, when they had cold chicken and biscuit, cakes of various kinds, raspberries, and currants, and, what they seemed to like best of all, as much milk as they wanted to drink.

Early in the afternoon, Mr. Baker, Alice's father, came home, and he

started various games. This Ida liked very much. There was one little girl, with curling hair, to whom she took a great fancy, and whose hat she ornamented with sweet-brier. Her brother Harry was a very lively little fellow ; and when Ida and Hetty Gray and two or three others played “ Ring, Ring, Rosy,” he amused her very much by his fun.

At last the happy day came to an end ; at sunset the stage came for the children. It waited until they had finished their game and had sung a parting hymn, and then they were taken to the cars, with their hands full of flowers to brighten their homes for a little while.

Dear Miss Alice ; she was very kind



to give the children so much pleasure, and she was quite repaid for all her trouble when she saw them so happy.

“O mother!” said little Harry, as he told of the day’s pleasure; “I was never so happy before; do you think heaven will be any thing like that?” His mother could not tell him, but I think she might have said “yes;” for the ecstasy of delight which children unaccustomed to the country feel, when they first breathe the pure air, and look upon the beautiful things God has made, must be like the joy of heaven, especially when their hearts are full of love to each other and to the kind friend to whom they owe the happiness.



VII.

Children's Work.



“O JESSIE! I’m so glad you have come home,” said little Ella Morgan, as she opened the gate where she had been waiting for some time for her sister’s return from school.

“I’m so lonesome! mamma has been making currant jelly this morning, and I helped her. The fire did not make my head ache, but it did hers, and now she is lying on the sofa, and I had nobody to talk to.”

Thus the little girl chattered, as she



walked with her sister to the house, as if she was determined to make up for the few minutes she had been keeping still.

Her elder sister made no reply; in the plan she had formed for the afternoon, she had taken no thought for Ella's amusement. Her walk from school had been hot and tiresome, and she had meant to rest in the swing under the great apple-tree, where it was cool and pleasant, and read an interesting book which one of her school-mates had lent to her. She had learned all her lessons for the next day in school, so that she would not need to trouble herself about them. But of course she could not read if she had to amuse such a little chatterer as Ella.

When she entered the sitting-room, however, and saw how pale and sick her mother looked, she hesitated no longer.

“Does your head ache very badly, dear mother?” she said, as she stooped to kiss her. “Ella and I are going to the woods, so that the house will be quiet and you can get a nap, which, you know, always relieves you.”

“O, how nice!” exclaimed Ella, in a tone of delight; “what a good sister you are!”

And she ran for her hat, quite forgetting that she had meant to keep very still, for fear of disturbing her mother. The noise lasted but a few minutes, however; for Jessie had only to take her books to her room, go to

the pantry for some cakes, which she put in a basket to carry with them to eat in the woods, and she was ready to take her little sister's hand and start on their walk.

They had but a short distance to go across two fields before they were in the pleasant shade of the grand old trees. Jessie found a nice seat for them both on a rock, where they rested while she told Ella what the little girl called a beautiful story ; then they ran about looking for wild flowers, singing together so sweetly, that the birds must have wondered who these new songsters could be, thus invading their shady homes.

After a while, Ella was hungry, and she was so glad that her sister had

thought of the cakes. Jessie helped her eat them ; and then they tried to get a drink from the clear brook, which was hurrying through the woods to the river beyond ; happily, they were not very thirsty, for they had no cup, and could not sip the water as easily as the birds could.

When they returned home, they found their mother sitting on the piazza, looking so bright and refreshed, that Jessie felt quite repaid for her little self-denial. Then Ella's oft-repeated, " I love you, sister," was very sweet to hear ; so that, although she had little time to read her interesting story-book, she went to bed feeling very happy.

Girls and boys who have younger



CHILDREN'S WORK.

Harry and his Pony.

p. 74

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brothers and sisters to amuse and make happy, can always find opportunities of working for Jesus. The gracious Saviour sees and loves the children who thus try to serve Him, as well as the missionaries who make the greater sacrifice of leaving home and friends to carry the Gospel to the heathen.





VIII.

Pearls and Pearl-Divers.

“O mamma! see what I have found!” said Eddie Sandford, as he came to his mother, carrying carefully in the palm of his hand a small white bead, as he thought.

“Why, Eddie!” said she, in a tone of surprise; “it is a pearl. Where did you find it?”

“Just here, mamma, under the couch; I was looking for my pencil when I saw it.”

At this moment, his cousin Julia,

who was spending a few weeks with them, entered the room, looking very much troubled.

Her expression changed to one of joy, as soon as she saw the pearl in Eddie's hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you found it!" she exclaimed. "I had just missed it from my ring, and came to ask you to help me look for it, though I feared it would never be found."

Eddie explained how he had found it, and was very glad to return the pearl to his cousin, and to see her look so happy.

"The ring was a birthday present from my father," she said, "so I was the more sorry to have it spoiled. The pearl must have dropped out



while I was sitting here after breakfast. I will go immediately to the jeweller's, and get it fastened in more securely."

After his cousin had gone, Eddie said, "I should not have thought that little round thing was worth so much that Julia need make such a fuss about it. I do not think it is very handsome."

"I suppose she values the ring chiefly because it was her father's gift," said his mother, "though it is a very beautiful one. But pearls are highly prized by everybody. They are very costly, and men risk their lives to get them."

"O, mother, tell me about them!" said Eddie, and he drew his little

chair close beside his mother's, eager for a story. He had been very ill, and was not yet well enough to leave his room, and his mother was very glad to do any thing to amuse him ; so she began her story about the pearl-divers.

“ Those little pearls,” she said, “ are found fastened to the inside of the shells of oysters, which grow in certain parts of the Indian Ocean. I say little pearls, though there are some which are many times larger than the one you picked up. Men go out in boats until they reach the place where the oysters are. Then each diver has a stone fastened to his ankle, to make him heavy enough to reach the bottom, and with a net in his hand to fill with oysters, he draws a long breath, and plunges head foremost into the sea.



“Down, down, down he goes, until he reaches the bottom, where the oysters are; he hastily fills his net, and then, unable to remain any longer without breathing, he pulls the rope which is tied to his waist, and a man who holds the other end pulls him up.

“He is often too much exhausted to speak when he reaches the boat, and sometimes blood gushes from his mouth and nostrils, because he has been so long without breathing. Most of these divers die after a few years, of disease brought on by their hard life. But their greatest danger is from the sharks which abound in that ocean, and which often seize the unfortunate diver while he is under the water.

“When the boats return to land,

the men open the oysters ; but they do not find pearls in every one ; often they bring home several nets full which do not contain any. Yet still they go on seeking, endangering their lives for the chance of getting what they hope they can sell for large sums of money.

“In a very interesting book which I have been reading lately, the missionaries who go to preach to the heathen are compared to pearl-divers ; for they are exposed to many dangers, and often risk their lives that they may bring some one to Jesus. The people whom they try to persuade to love the Saviour are the precious pearls for which they seek. The missionaries often have to wait years before they see any effect from their

preaching, just as the divers plunge in the water many times without bringing any pearls. But they both feel rewarded when the success comes. It will very likely be several days before you are well enough to go out," continued Mrs. Sandford, "and if you would like, every morning while I am sewing I will tell you something about the missionaries, and the people they have brought to Jesus."

"I think I should like it," said Eddie; "for I have often looked at the pictures in that large book in papa's library, which tells about the missionaries, and wished I could read the stories; but there are so many hard names and long words that I cannot understand them."

“Then I will tell you this morning,” said Mrs. Sandford, “about the first missionaries who went to Greenland, where, you know, the cold is very severe, and the winters are long and dreary. It was more than one hundred and fifty years ago, when all that was known of that country had been learned from sailors who had called there in their vessels from Norway and Denmark. They had told of the ignorance and poverty of the inhabitants, and in some instances of their cruelty.

“A clergyman, or pastor, as he was called in Norway, where he lived, pitied these poor Greenlanders, and wanted to go and teach them about God. But he had no money, and there was no missionary society in

those days to send him. He went to the king and asked for help, praying that God would incline his heart to listen to him. The prayer was answered.

“The king gave the good pastor a vessel to take him to Greenland, and money to buy food and clothing to carry with him. When he took leave of his church and people there was great sorrow and mourning. In the town from which he sailed, many thought him very foolish, and some even called him crazy, to take his wife and four children from their comfortable home to that wild country, of which they knew so little.

“When the good pastor landed in Greenland, the people all crowded

around him, looking at his wife with great curiosity ; for they had never before seen a white woman. But when they found that he was going to stay with them, they moved their tents to another part of the country, and for some time would not allow him to enter them.

“ The first thing that interested the natives were some Bible pictures which the pastor’s son drew for them ; but they did not care to hear about God, or what He had done for them. After a while, other missionaries came from Europe to help the good pastor ; but it was many years before they found one pearl.

“ During that time they suffered much. Sometimes the vessels which

had been sent from Europe were delayed, and they had very little to eat, — almost starved, in fact. Then the winters were very dreary ; for you know that the sun does not shine in Greenland from November until February, and they suffered much from cold. They had no way of heating their huts but with lamps in which they burned oil. Their beds would freeze to their bedsteads, and every article of food had to be chopped with an axe and thawed before it could be cooked.

“ At last some of the missionaries became so discouraged that they spoke of returning home ; but before they had decided to do so God gave them the pearls for which they had been seeking. They had induced a few na-

tives to come into their hut one evening, and listen while they read to them of Jesus. The chapter chosen was one which tells of His sufferings and death. After listening for a little while, one of the Greenlanders rose up quickly, and standing before the reader, said earnestly, ‘How was that? Tell me that once more, for I want to be saved.’

“The missionary repeated the account, while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks. As the Greenlander heard, his heart was filled with love to the Saviour who had done so much for him, and from that time he joined the missionaries in telling the glad tidings to his countrymen. When he went on a hunting expedition, he told every

one he saw of Jesus. He was invited by some of his friends to dance at the sun-feast; but he said, ‘No; I have now another kind of joy; Christ has arisen in my heart.’

“Soon many Greenlanders came to the missionaries to hear of Jesus. They learned much of the gospel of St. John, which had been translated into their language, and hymns, which they sang as they were fishing.

“When the missionaries went out in their boats, the natives would come to the shore, and call after them to stop and tell them the good news about the Saviour. Soon there were enough converts to form a church, and the huts of the missionaries were not large enough to hold all who came to worship.

“Then some Christians in Holland sent a frame all ready to be put up for a church. It was built and consecrated with joy and thanksgiving, and the missionaries thought the pearls with which it was filled were worth all the labor and suffering they had endured in seeking them. They are all now in that beautiful city which is always bright with the presence of the Lord; but though many years have passed, there has always been a company of native Christians in Greenland, to hear and preach the Gospel. Many pearls have been and are now being gathered there for the Saviour’s crown.”

Edward Sandford was so much interested in his mother’s account of the



mission at Greenland, that he was very ready to leave his play the next time he saw her with her sewing in hand, prepared to tell him more about the pearl-divers, as he liked to call the missionaries.

“Mamma,” said he, “you did not tell me the name of the good man who went from Norway to teach the Greenlanders.”

“It was Hans Egede,” said his mother. “I did not tell you because it was such an uncommon name that I did not think you would remember it. The missionaries who joined him there were Moravians, so called because they belonged to a church or company of Christians which had existed in a part of Austria called Moravia for hundreds

of years. It was the first church to send missionaries to the heathen.

“To-day I will tell you of another of their missionaries, Jans Haven. He had been a very thoughtless young man, caring only for the things of this world, when one day, as he was journeying, a thunder-storm arose, and a flash of lightning struck him senseless to the ground. It was a messenger sent to him from God, to turn his heart. When his senses returned, he was filled with terror, as he thought what would have become of him if he had never recovered, but had been called to stand before God with his sins unforgiven. He prayed earnestly for mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. His prayer was answered, and



he was soon enabled to rejoice in Christ his Saviour; then he longed to tell others about Him too.

“He offered himself to the Moravian Church as a missionary. His services were accepted, and, with his young English wife, named Mary, and one other person, he sailed from London for Labrador. This is a country near Greenland, and where the winters are quite as cold and dreary. They landed on the rocky coast, and built their cottage at a place which they called Nain. The hardships they had to endure were similar to those which I told you the Greenland missionaries endured. The missionary who accompanied Haven and his wife soon left them, to explore the coast further

north, and then they were alone with the native Esquimaux.

“ If they had not felt that Jesus was with them they would have been very desolate. But there can be no gloom where He is.

“ They returned to the cottage, after watching the vessel until it was out of sight, and shutting the door, they knelt down together and again gave themselves to the Lord, promising to work for Him, and praying Him to bless them.

“ Not long after, a vessel landed in the harbor with a party of Esquimaux on board returning from a fishing expedition.

“ Haven went to meet them, and said in the Greenland tongue, ‘ I am your friend.’



“ He continued to talk kindly to them, telling them why he was there. He found that they came from an island at a distance. They begged him to return with them.

“ He hesitated at first, for they were all strangers to him, and he would be in great danger if he went with them and they should prove to be enemies instead of friends ; but, after lifting up his heart to God for direction, he resolved to go. He said, ‘ I will go with them, in God’s name. If they kill me, my work on earth is done, and I shall live with Him. If they spare my life, I will firmly believe that it is His will that they shall hear and obey the Gospel.’

“ As he landed with his strange com-

panions on their island, they shouted, 'A friend is come;' and the people all gathered about him. He told them that he had come to talk with them about their God and Saviour. They listened attentively, and when Haven returned to his home he felt very hopeful that he had there gathered some pearls for Jesus.

"Soon the natives who lived near Haven began to gather around his hut to listen to him as he sang with his wife their evening hymn.

"Then the women would gather around Mary through the day, and ask her questions. Her words and prayers had great effect upon them, and after a while, she had the joy of seeing one after another forsake their sins, and



come to Christ for salvation. One day, Lydia, a young native who had been led to love Jesus, brought all her metal rings, in which she had delighted as ornaments, and asked the missionary's wife to take them, saying, 'Louisa wishes to bring hers too.' They thus wished to show their willingness to give up every thing for Christ.

"These women used to meet with Mary to pray and study the Bible. One of them whose name was Judith, who had been the first to listen to the voice of Jesus, became very ill, and sent for Mary to beg that the minister would once more permit her to partake of the communion.

"When she heard that she could not get well, she said, 'A short time will

bring me to everlasting light, when the sun shall no more go down. Trim the lamps, make the room light and pleasant; the love of the Redeemer is not cold.'

"You see she had suffered so much from cold, and the winters had been so dreary without the light of the sun, that light and warmth were to her the emblems of the greatest happiness.

"If this had been the only pearl gathered from those dark waters, Mary and her husband would have rejoiced that they had risked their lives to win it for the crown of their Lord. But there were at that time fifty who came constantly to hear the Gospel, and most of them truly loved the Saviour.

"This was many years ago, and Jans



Haven and his wife have long been with Jesus in heaven. But the work they commenced has gone on; other pearl-divers have followed them, and there are now many settlements on the coast of Labrador where the natives gather every Sunday to hear of Jesus, and where there are many who love and serve him."

The day after Mrs. Sandford had told Edward about Haven, the missionary to Labrador, his cousin Henry came to spend several weeks with him. As Edward was now quite well, all his time when he was not at school was spent in playing out of doors with his cousin, and so his mother was not called upon for some time for any more missionary stories.

But one Sunday afternoon when it rained so hard that no one could go to church, Edward found her reading in the library, and begged to hear more about the missionaries.

“ You will like to hear about pearl-divers, I am sure, Henry,” said he, as his cousin took a seat beside him on the couch.

“ About pearl-divers !” said Henry, in surprise ; “ I thought you asked for a missionary story ?”

“ Well, that is the same thing,” said Edward, laughing at his cousin’s puzzled look. “ Mamma says that the missionaries are like pearl-divers, because they both risk their lives to get what is of great value, — the divers to seek pearls, and the missionaries to bring people to Jesus.”



“ Oh ! I understand now,” said Henry, “ and I think pearl-divers is a very good name for the missionaries.”

“ I have told you about missionaries who went to cold countries,” said Mrs. Sandford, “ and to-day I am going to give you an account of some pearls saved from among the savages of New Zealand, as three large islands are called which are on the opposite side of the globe from us. *Now* there is a large and handsome city there, where many Englishmen live, and there are churches and schools on various parts of the island ; most of the natives are civilized, and many of them are Christians, though there are still some savage tribes, in the centre of the islands, which molest and attack the Christians

and settlers. It was very different before the missionaries went there, nearly sixty years ago. Then, whaling vessels, cruising in the Pacific, used to stop there for supplies of water. There is a fine bay in which the vessels anchored, while the sailors went on shore in boats and sought for springs near the coast, where they could fill their water-casks; they did not dare to go far from the shore, for fear of the natives, who were very fierce, and said to be cannibals. Their faces and bodies were tattooed with frightful figures smeared with red paint, which gave them a very ferocious appearance as they ran down to look at the sailors. When there was danger of their coming too near, the guns would be fired from the



vessels, which would frighten them away.

“ The son of one of the chiefs of the island was very curious to see more of the strange people who came thus to his home in the large boats whose white sails bore them so swiftly over the ocean, further than he dared to venture in his canoe.

“ ‘ Where did these boats come from ? and where did they go ? ’ were the questions he asked himself as he saw them arrive and disappear in the blue horizon. He longed to be allowed to go on one of them, and see for himself.

“ At last a vessel remained several months in the vicinity of the island, and the young chieftain had an opportunity of becoming familiar with the sailors.

He made known to them his wishes, and they allowed him to accompany them to their ship, which soon after sailed for Australia. Then the captain promised to take him to England, if he would first go with him on a whaling voyage. This the young New Zealander promised to do ; but, though he worked as hard as any of the crew, the captain refused to keep his promise, and finally left him at Australia without paying him for his services.

“ After a while another captain agreed to take him to England, and he again embarked. But he was treated very cruelly by the sailors on the voyage, and when the vessel reached London he was seldom allowed to go on shore, so he could see very little of the



country which he had so ardently desired to visit. He asked to be permitted to see the king; but he was told that the king seldom went out; others said that his house could not be found.

“After fifteen days, the captain of the vessel told him that he was going to put him on board of a ship to return to his home in New Zealand. Bitterly disappointed at seeing so little of the country of which he had thought so much, he was, however, willing to go if the captain would give him the clothes and wages he had earned; but this was refused; and, poorly clad and sick from the harsh treatment he had received, the young chief again sailed for his native island.

“Mr. Marsden, a good man who

had long wished for an opportunity of carrying the Gospel to the New Zealanders, was a passenger on the same ship. After a few days, he noticed the young chief among the sailors, and inquired about him. To his great joy, he found that he was from the island where he had so much desired to preach. He hoped that through him, the Lord meant to open the door for him to carry out his long-cherished plan.

“The young chief seemed ill, coughed much, and the old great-coat which he kept always around him was scarcely sufficient to protect him from the cold. Mr. Marsden spoke kindly to him, procured some clothes for him, and soon gained his confidence. He spoke of his desire that his countrymen should



know as much as the English. Mr. Marsden promised to aid him in getting teachers, and he, in his turn, promised to protect any one who might come to teach on the island.

“The vessel went first to Australia, and there they learned that a trading-vessel had been attacked by natives on the northern coast of New Zealand, that the ship was burnt, and all the crew killed and eaten. Of course it was not easy to get any captain to take his vessel there after hearing this; so Mr. Marsden bought a vessel and fitted it out at his own expense, and, with the promise of the protection of the young chief, he at last procured sailors enough to take charge of it, and he started with two other missionaries

for New Zealand. They anchored in the Bay of Islands, intending to settle in the young chief's own village.

“ Mr. Marsden was informed that a war had broken out between the tribe among whom he hoped to establish a mission, and the chiefs of another tribe. He knew that the missionaries could not accomplish much until peace was restored, and a promise was given not to molest them ; so he resolved to go to the assembled warriors.

“ He was accompanied by the other missionaries and the friendly chief. On the first sight of these unexpected visitors, each warrior seized his spear, fifteen or twenty feet in length, and brandished it in the air, while roars, shrieks, and yells greeted them or



every side. Night came on before Mr. Marsden had any opportunity of telling his errand ; fearing he might have no other chance if he went away, he resolved to remain until the next day. One missionary alone staid with him ; the rest returned to the ship.

“ There, amid those ferocious cannibals stretched on the ground around them, these courageous men lay down to rest. They trusted in God, and He took care of them ; even their friend, the chief, could not have protected them, for many of the men were his enemies. The next day Mr. Marsden’s arguments convinced the hostile chiefs, and they agreed to terms of peace. The fierce savages jumped into their canoes, sang their war-songs, and in a

few minutes surrounded the mission-brig. At first, it was feared they would attack it; but in a moment a shout of joy rent the air. Peace was proclaimed.

“The next Sunday was Christmas day, and then for the first time Mr. Marsden preached of Jesus in New Zealand.

“There were a great many chiefs besides the one who had first brought the missionaries to New Zealand, from whom he could not protect them. As the time passed on and the missionaries continued to live there, they were often threatened by the savages. Sometimes they were told that before morning their houses would be burnt, or that the stones were then heating



for the oven in which they were to be cooked. Yet they trusted in God, and He preserved them.

“After a while, war again broke out among the hostile tribes, and then the missionaries were obliged to look on frightful scenes. Their wives and children were afraid to leave their houses, lest they should see the natives cruelly treating or murdering the prisoners they took in battle.

“These wars continued a long time ; and then one day the missionaries were surprised by being requested by one of the tribes to come and arrange terms of peace. It must have been a strange sight when the missionaries arrived at the camp of the warriors. A large white flag was raised, and

hundreds of tattooed savages sat around it. They sat silent and thoughtful while the missionaries told them of the duty of forgiving each other, and of Jesus, the Prince of Peace. A hymn was then sung, and peace proclaimed.

“I have now told you of some of the dangers which the pearl-divers of New Zealand encountered ; but I must wait until another time to tell you of the many precious pearls they gathered there for the Redeemer’s kingdom.”

Edward and his cousin Harry were so much interested in Mrs Sandford’s account of the difficulties met by the missionaries in New Zealand, that not many days passed before they asked her to tell them of their success ; or, as



Edward said, of the pearls they gathered.

“One of the first among the New Zealanders,” said Mrs. Sandford, “who professed to believe in the Saviour, and to love Him, was a chief who had for a long time received the instructions of the missionaries with respect and attention, but had said little of his own feelings. One day, Mr. Williams, one of the missionaries who had landed first at New Zealand, called on this chief, and found him very ill; but how great was his joy to hear the old man say, ‘My belief is in the great God and in Jesus Christ. I pray. I ask God to give me his Holy Spirit in my heart, to sit and dwell there. I ask Christ to wash this bad heart; to take

away this native heart and give me a new one.'

"A few days later, he turned his head as Mr. Williams entered, and with a look full of joy, said, 'I shall soon be dead. My heart is very full of light.'

" 'What makes you so?'

" 'Because I believe in Jesus Christ.'

" 'Have you no fear of death?'

" 'Not in the least. I shall go and sit above the sky with Jesus Christ.'

" 'Though there were many who opposed him, the dying chief was baptized, and breathed his last, rejoicing in Jesus Christ as his Saviour.'

" 'Soon after, a young native who worked for one of the missionaries

became a Christian. He was ill for a long time, and was often heard praying for the Holy Spirit. After his death the missionaries did not hear of one conversion for three years ; but they were greatly encouraged by the growing love of the natives for the portions of the Bible which had been translated into their language. The word of God was not without effect ; for, after a while, a chief who had been famous for his cannibalism brought his son to be baptized, saying, ‘ Here I sit thinking, and untying the rope of the devil ; and it is shaken that it may fall off.’ Soon he himself applied for baptism. Two others came with him, and they all boldly declared their faith in Jesus. This led the people to inquire more

closely about the truths the missionaries had been teaching for so many years. Sometimes as many as thirty came in one day, saying, ‘May we not come and talk?’

“A new mission was now established in another part of the island, and the chief was one of the first converts. He had been led to inquire about the new religion because he had heard what a change it had produced in many of his people. After he became a Christian, he commenced family worship, and had schools established for the children. After a while he traveled about the island, telling the people everywhere of the Saviour’s love.

“From this time the number of converts increased greatly. As many as a



hundred and sixty inquirers came to the missionaries in one day. Many followed the example of the chief just mentioned, and travelled to distant parts of the island to tell their heathen countrymen of Jesus; so that, in many places public worship was held, and the Sabbath-day observed by those who had never seen a white man, but had received the message only through native converts. It was a joyous sight to the missionary when he went to visit these stations, to see men of different tribes who had never met before but in war to kill each other, now sitting side by side, spelling out the words of life, or listening to the message of salvation through a crucified Saviour.

“Tape, a great chief, after building

a chapel at his own expense, took a long journey in search of a teacher; and, on reaching the station, said to one of the missionaries whom he had never seen before, ‘I am sick for you to be a father to me.’

“Another missionary, on one of his journeys, was told that an old chief lay dying and wished to see him. He had been a cruel and savage cannibal the missionary knew, and had probably never heard of Jesus. Kneeling by the chief as he lay in his hut, the missionary spoke to him of Christ, though he feared he was too far gone to understand his words. The dying man made many attempts to speak; at last the missionary caught the words, ‘Christ is my Saviour.’

“ ‘How long has this been the case?’ said the astonished missionary.

“ ‘Ever since I first heard of Him,’ whispered the chief. Then, as if strength had been given him for the purpose of telling his faith, that others might know Him too, he added in a lower voice, ‘My soul is joyful; I have no fear; Christ is with me;’ and in a few moments his soul went to live with that Saviour for ever.”

The Sunday before Edward’s cousin Harry went home, Mrs. Sandford finished her account of the New Zealand mission.

She said: “One of the most interesting facts about it was the manner in which the word of God was carried to tribes which no missionary had ever

visited. One very ferocious and cruel chief, whose tribe lived far in the interior of the island, in one of his attacks on a distant village, took a little girl captive and carried her home to work for him. This little girl had learned from the missionaries about Jesus, and every day she prayed to Him for her master and his wife as well as for herself.

“One day she was found upon her knees ; the chief was very angry, and commanded her to pray no more ; but she could not give up her only comfort. Then he threatened to shoot her ; but still she prayed on. The chief, much astonished at her willingness to brave his anger, was curious to know why she was so anxious to pray. He made



her repeat her prayers and texts to him. He was interested, and the Lord turned his heart, so that he, too, became a servant of Jesus Christ.

“ Then he set off to visit the missionaries. When he appeared in the village the natives were all frightened to see their old fierce enemy. No one dared to meet him but the missionary. What was his delight to hear this once war like chief say, ‘ I, too, am a Christian ! ’

“ Another missionary was travelling through the island to preach to the people. After a weary day’s travel, he was preparing to camp out for the night, when he saw a large fire in the distance. He went near, and found there a meeting to worship God. He gave out a hymn familiar to the Chris-

tian natives, and, to his surprise, the whole company rose and sang both the words and tune. The only teachers these people had had were three boys, who had been taken captive by their chief. How well those boys must have remembered the hymns and texts which they had been taught, for they had no books. The missionary remained there for a few days; and on Sunday morning, two hundred natives swam across a creek which divided two villages, that they might hear the missionary preach of Jesus.

“About the same time, some one came from a tribe living still further off, to ask to have a teacher sent them. The message came that they trusted alone in the blood that could wash out



all sin, and that they had built a chapel for the teacher, that they might learn how to worship God.

“A captive who had been set free was travelling in search of his friends. On his way, he stopped at a village and told of the white men, their religion and their paper words. The chief’s son was much excited, and was very anxious to see the books.

“After some difficulty, he found some natives who had a prayer-book, and a torn copy of St. Luke’s Gospel. These he paid liberally for, and then begged the freed slave to teach him to read them. Some of his people said, ‘Why do you want to read?’ Others said, ‘It is a bad book.’ But the young chief asked his visitor to read to

them. As he listened, he said, ‘ These are good words.’ He induced the man to remain and teach him, and gave him food and clothes. Other natives joined the young chief in learning ; they studied day and night ; sometimes they went to sleep on the book, and then they woke up and read again.

“ After six months they could read a little, very slowly ; then they longed to hear the good words from the white man ; so the young chief set off for the Bay of Islands.

“ His father strongly opposed him, and tried to persuade the captain of the vessel on which he sailed to put him ashore where he could not hear of the new religion. But the captain would not deceive the young chief, so



he reached the Bay in safety. There he urged one of the missionaries to go with him to his native village. He said, ‘Ye are the lights of the world; the light has come to the Bay. It is light; why not send it further, — to all? We have left our wives and people, for our hearts are dark. Come and teach us.’ Of course he did not plead in vain, and his village soon became a Christian village.

“Thus the work has gone on; the whole Bible has been translated; and, at a meeting in celebration of this, ten natives arose, one after another, to urge those present to send that book, which was now their only comfort and support, all over the world. Two missionary societies now have stations in

New Zealand, and there are many thousand communicants, beside hundreds of schools full of children. Not long since, more than six hundred dollars were handed in as a collection from the New Zealand churches."

"But, Aunt Mary," said Harry, "I heard my father reading from the newspaper lately about the murder of some missionary in New Zealand. Was that true?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I grieve to say it was. There are yet many savages among these islands, and there are people there opposed to the religion of Jesus as well as in Christian lands, and crime and murders will take place there as well as here. During the past few years there have been con-

stant wars among the tribes, and English soldiers have been sent there to protect the Europeans and the Christian natives."

"I heard a gentleman say at our house," said Harry again, "that a great deal of money had been wasted in sending out and supporting missionaries, and that there had been very few conversions."

"I think that gentleman could not have read the reports which are every year given of the missionary churches, or he would not have said so. The native churches in all heathen countries are steadily increasing in numbers, and many of them send missionaries to other parts of the world. You must read the accounts for your

selves, and then you will be able to judge of the truth of such remarks. Some of the travellers who have been in the countries where missionaries are, have made untrue statements about them, or given wrong impressions about them without meaning to do so. They have, perhaps, spent a night, or two or three days, at a missionary's house, and, without taking any pains to inform themselves of their work, having no interest in it, they return home and write about them as if they knew all about their labors.

“ Shall we take the stories of such people as true, rather than the statements of the missionaries themselves, — men who have hazarded their lives for the Gospel? You will very likely



as you grow older hear many such remarks as the one you have quoted ; and I want you both to learn as much as you can about what the missionaries have done and are doing, that you may judge for yourselves how true they are.

“ Much good has been done among the heathen, but much more remains to be done ; so we cannot afford to be idle. A small sum of money has been spent on missions in comparison with the good which has been accomplished. It is not one-twentieth of the amount which the wars of late years have cost. Let us, then, be willing to deny ourselves still more, that we may send the Gospel to those who have it not. Whenever you are asked

for money for the missionaries, remember these words of our Saviour: 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' "





IX.

Robbie and his Sled.

ROBBIE JAY was a very happy boy on Christmas morning, when he went into the sitting-room and found the stocking which he had hung up the night before filled with presents, and underneath it a new sled; just such a one as he had been wishing for ever since the first snow-storm of the winter.

As soon as breakfast was over, he was off to see how it would coast. It went splendidly, and was so light to

draw up hill. Several of the other boys of the neighborhood had new sleds also, and they had fine fun together coasting on the hill near Mr. Jay's house until it was time to go to church. For not even the new sled could keep Robbie away from church on Christmas day.

He liked to see it in its beautiful green dress, and to hear the music, which sounded sweeter to him than than at any other time. Besides, he was ten years old now, and had begun to pay attention to sermons ; and he was sure that the minister would say something he would like to hear about the Saviour who came as an infant into the world. And he was not disappointed ; the sermon was all about the love of Jesus.



One sentence remained in Robbie's mind all the time he was walking home ; it was something like this : " As Jesus loved you so much that He came down from His bright home in heaven for you, do you not wish to do something to show your grateful love to Him ? What can you do before this day is over to make some one happy for Jesus' sake ? "

Robbie wondered what he could do ; for his heart glowed with love to that precious Saviour who had done so much for him. As these thoughts were passing through his mind, he came to a house which stood quite near the road, where a poor woman lived who sometimes sewed for his mother. She had one little girl, a

bright, pretty child about five years old, who was at the window as Robbie passed. She smiled pleasantly, as if she were glad to see him, for he was always kind to her.

“I wonder if May would not like a ride on my new sled,” he thought; “I mean to go and ask her.”

As he turned towards the gate, he remembered that the boys were all going to coast that afternoon, and he had promised to join them. He hesitated; then came the thought that here was an opportunity of doing good to one of Jesus’ little ones; and he went quickly on again up the path to the house.

May met him at the door with the oft-repeated words, “Merry Christ-



mas!" How her eyes sparkled when he told her that he would come after dinner and give her a ride on his new sled if she would like it. Of course she would like it; she had only been on a sled two or three times in her life, her mother said, for she had no brother to take her.

"And I've no little sister," said Robbie; "so it is but fair that I should take May for a ride once in a while."

Robbie thought the Christmas dinner had never tasted so good before as on that day; for the sight of May's face so beaming with happiness had sharpened his appetite.

"Be sure that you are at home before dark, my son," said his mother,

as she saw him go away again with his sled, supposing he was going to coast with the boys.

May was all ready with her hood, cloak, and mittens on, at the window watching for him ; and after her mother had placed her on the sled, and covered her feet so they would keep warm, she waved her hand for good-by with as grand an air as though she were a princess going out for a drive in a splendid sleigh drawn by any number of prancing horses. Certainly no princess was ever any happier.

Robbie gave her a splendid ride. He took her where she could see the boys as they seemed to fly down the hill on their swiftly gliding sleds ; then to the pond, where the tall pines were



trying to keep the snow-flakes pure and white in their branches ; and then under the chestnut-tree, where the snow-birds were hopping about looking for some of the kernels which had been dropped by the children last autumn.

“ O mother, it was beautiful ! ” said little May, when she was sitting on her mother’s lap, after her return, warming her feet by the blazing fire. “ The sled went along so smooth and so fast, I was not afraid of falling, and I did not mind the cold one bit.”

In the mean time, Robbie’s father and mother had been out to see the boys coast, and had been quite surprised at not finding Robbie there. He met them as they were returning



ROBBIE AND HIS SLED.

Harry and his Pony.

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home, and they seemed very much pleased when he told them where he had been.

They were so glad that he had learned the true way to happiness, — to give some one else pleasure for the dear Saviour's sake.





X.

Hasty Words.

SUSY and Patty Mills were at home from school, for it was Saturday. They were very useful, industrious little girls all the morning. While their mother had been busy baking bread, and preparing something nice for the Sunday dinner, they had amused and taken care of their baby sister; and when she had been laid in her cradle for her morning nap, they had taken their little brother out of doors to play, that their mother might have



the cottage to herself, to clean and put in order.

They were tired of playing school, and keeping house under the old willow-tree, when Susy said, "I think it must be nearly time for father to come home. Let's go into the orchard and pick clover and fresh grass for Jack and Ned ; you know they are drawing stone this morning, and will come home very tired."

"O yes!" said Patty ; "so we will." "Me, too," said Tommy ; and off the children started, to gather a good dinner for the two animals that worked so faithfully for them every day ; and, unlike many other donkeys, were always gentle and docile, ready to carry the children on their backs willingly whenever they chose to mount them.



Each of the little girls had filled her apron with fresh clover and grass, and Tommy had filled his little cart, when they heard their father drive into the yard.

“Ah, little ones !” he said, as they hastened to meet him ; “I am glad to see you with such a nice treat for the donkeys. They deserve it ; for they have worked hard this morning.”

The children stood still while their father loosened the animals from the pole of the cart which they had been drawing ; and then, as he led them into the shed which served as their stable, they ran around to the other side, where there was a low gate, over which Jack and Ned were accustomed to reach for the clover that the children liked to give them.



The faithful creatures knew what awaited them ; for there were their heads stretched far over the little gate, before the children reached it. Patty's bonnet had fallen off in her haste to be first. But she could not run to pick it up ; for before she found out it was missing, Jack had smelt the clover, and had his nose in her apron, eating as fast as he could.

Ned was not quite so impatient, and Susy had to reach up pretty high to feed him. As for poor little Tommy, his sisters forgot all about him, and he stood for some moments patiently waiting until they should move away, so that he could offer the bits of grass with which his cart was filled.

At last his patience gave out. "O



dear!" said he; "I think you might let me come and feed Jack."

"But you're too little," said Patty; "you can't reach him."

"Yes, I can; he will put his head ever so far over."

Yet still Patty and Susy would not move. They forgot that kindness to animals should never take the place of kindness to their little brother. Then Tommy moved nearer, and tried to push his sisters away; but they were the stronger, and kept their places, though they might easily have made room for him between them.

Finding pushing of no use, he seized hold of Patty's dress and pulled it very hard; but the gathers gave way, and down he fell to the ground.

“There! you naughty boy,” said Patty; “see what you have done! torn my dress, — and what will mother say?”

“O Patty!” said Susy, “don’t scold him, perhaps he’s hurt;” for Tommy lay on the ground, screaming with all his might.

“I don’t care if he is,” said the angry child; “it would just serve him right.” And she ran into the house to see what could be done to her dress, while Susy lifted Tommy up, and, finding that he was not much hurt, tried to make him forget his fall by coaxing him to give Jack or Ned the grass which he had gathered for them.

They were looking over the gate, as if they were wondering what the loud

crying was for, and why their fine repast had ended so suddenly. Tommy was easily consoled ; and, as the clover which his sisters had gathered was all gone, the donkeys were very willing to reach down to the small bunch of grass which Tommy held for them.

Ned seized one end, and Jack the other ; so that Tommy let go of it in great haste, lest they should take a fancy to taste the hand which held it.

Then the children heard their mother calling them, so away they ran into the house.

There was just time for them to wash their faces and hands before dinner was ready, and then they all gathered around the table, a happy family, — all except Patty. She was there ;

but she was not happy. The remembrance of her unkind words to her little brother made her very uncomfortable; and she was so silent that her father asked her what was the matter.

“Is it because I tore your dress?” said Tommy, before she had time to reply; “I’m so sorry.”

“You tore Patty’s dress?” said his mother, inquiringly. “Why, sure enough, she has not on the same one she wore this morning. How did it happen?”

“Why, I wanted to feed Jack, so I tried to pull her away, and then I fell down.”

“Well, little boys should be more careful. You should have asked her kindly to move away.”

Tommy might have gone on to say that he had asked her, and she would not move ; but his father, thinking this not the best time to question the children, changed the subject by asking, “ Who would like to ride to the beach this afternoon ? ”

“ O father ! will you take us ? ” exclaimed Susy. “ Are you not going to work again ? ”

“ No, I’m going to take a half-holiday ; and as soon as I have given the donkeys their dinner, for which your clover has only sharpened their appetites, and they have rested, they will take us all to the beach.”

“ O, how nice ! ” said all the children ; “ and will mother and baby go too ? ”

“ Yes, the wagon will hold us all ; so Patty and Susy must help mother get ready.”

They were very willing to do that. And while Susy and Tommy amused the baby, who was now awake, Patty helped her mother clear away the dinner-table and wash the dishes. While she was doing this, she told her mother how her dress was torn ; for she could not be happy to have her little brother blamed when the fault was hers.

After she had confessed how unkindly she had spoken to him, her mother said, that although it is a very good thing to be kind to animals, it is still better to love and be kind to brothers and sisters ; but she continued, “ I think, after all, it was more

the desire to please yourself than your wish to give the donkeys their dinner that made you unwilling to give up to your brother. The more we try to be like Jesus, 'who pleased not Himself,' the less danger there will be of our speaking or acting unkindly to others."

When Mr. Mills brought the wagon to the door, the little folks and their mother were all ready to jump in ; and off they drove to the beach. They had a very merry pleasant time ; for they were all at peace one with another ; and Susy and Patty tried all the time to make Tommy happy. They helped him make a sand fort, and look for pretty stones and shells ; and all the prettiest he found he insisted



upon putting into their baskets. It made their father and mother very happy to see their children so loving to each other. .





XI.

Archie's White Hen.

ARCHIE Blake went one afternoon to a children's missionary meeting. It was the first which had ever been held in the small town where he lived, so it was all new to him. Only the hymns ; those he had practised with the Sunday school for several weeks before, and the children sang them loud and well, for they had learned them perfectly.

The school walked in procession from the Sunday-school room to the



church, where the meeting was held, and to Archie's great delight he was chosen to carry one of the banners. The motto printed on it in gilt letters was, "Freely ye have received, freely give." He read it over a great many times as he was waiting for the signal to start for church, and there it was repeated in one of the addresses. The speaker said he wanted all who listened to him to think of the many things which God had given to them freely; all He asked in return was, that they should give what they could just as freely to others. There were many children who had no Sunday school, no books to read, and no Bibles to tell them the way to heaven. Would not those who were present



try to help to send them what they so much needed ?

Archie could think of much that he had received from God, but what had he to give to others ? He could think of nothing. He told his mother so, when he talked to her of the meeting after their return home.

“ Your Aunt Mary asked me yesterday,” said his mother, “ if I could tell her where she could buy any fresh eggs.” Archie looked at his mother in surprise ; what had fresh eggs to do with the missionary meeting ? His mother smiled as she noticed his puzzled expression. “ Why, Archie,” she said ; “ haven’t you a pretty white hen ? and does she not give you an egg every day or two ? ”

“Why, yes, mother; but then”—
And Archie paused. His mother knew what that hesitation meant; he liked to eat the eggs himself, and it would be some self-denial for him to sell them to his Aunt Mary, and have none for his breakfast. Could he do it, even if he should get money in that way for the missionary society?

He did not like to acknowledge even to himself how unwilling he was to give up the eggs, so he made many excuses. His hen did not lay every day, so it would be a long time before he could save a dozen eggs; then, after all, the money could not amount to much,—it would be hardly worth giving.

But his mother told him that his



Aunt Mary did not care for a dozen at a time ; she only wanted the eggs for her father, who was ill, and could take but one a day. It was so late in the season, she said, that most of the hens had stopped laying, and eggs were worth three cents apiece ; that would be at least fifteen cents a week for the missionary society.

Archie listened very attentively. The boys in his class had agreed to take up a collection every week, and had appointed one of their number to take charge of the money until the next missionary meeting, when it could be given to the society. Fifteen cents a week would amount to a good deal after a while. Could he not give it freely ? Yes, he could, and he would ;

and he went out to feed his pet, feeling glad that he had something to give.

There was not much room for keeping poultry in the grounds about his father's house ; but there had been a small hen-house built in an inclosure at the foot of the garden, and there Archie's hen lived with several others belonging to his mother. He took care of them all, as well as of the large speckled rooster which kept them company.

As he opened the gate, they all came about him, eager for their supper, and he thought his Whitey was the prettiest of them all. His grandmother, who lived on a farm about ten miles distant, had given her to him early in the summer, and she was so tame that she



would fly on to his shoulder and eat from his hand.

When he returned to the house, he found his Aunt Mary there with his mother.

“Well, Archie,” she said, “I am glad to hear that I can buy some fresh eggs from you. Have you any on hand now?”

Archie thought he had, and went to look. Yes, there were three beautiful large ones in the basket where he always kept them. They looked so nice that he was tempted to keep one for his breakfast the next morning; for it was several days since he had eaten an egg; but then he remembered the words on his banner, and he thought it would not be giving freely unless he

gave them all, so he took the basket just as it was to his Aunt Mary.

She took from her pocket-book a new ten-cent stamp to pay for the eggs, and Archie reached out his hand to take it; but he drew it back again as if a new thought had suddenly come into his mind.

“Why, what’s the matter, Archie?” said his aunt; “are you sorry that you have sold me the eggs?”

“Not exactly,” said Archie, hesitatingly, “and yet—”

“And yet what?” said his mother; “do not be afraid to tell us what you are thinking of.”

“Why, it seems as if I ought not to take any money for the eggs, especially as they are for a sick person, and I would rather give them freely.”



His Aunt Mary smiled as she put her arm affectionately around him. "Thank you for your kind thought, my dear boy," she said; "but I would not consent to take them unless you would let me pay for them; besides, I am glad to help you in raising missionary money."

Archie was quite relieved as she said this, and the new ten-cent piece was soon safely deposited in a nice little box to wait for next Sunday's collection.

It seemed to Archie that his pretty white hen laid more regularly than ever after this; and every few days he carried fresh eggs to his Aunt Mary, and every Sunday he was able to add something to the missionary fund.



But one morning late in the autumn, when Archie went to feed the hens, he found his pet seated in her nest in the hen-house, and as he put out his hand to stroke her head, she gave two or three loud clucks. “O dear!” said he, “what shall I do now? Whitey wants to hatch, and I have no eggs for her.” And he went in great distress to his mother to ask her advice. She said perhaps his grandmother could let him have some eggs for Whitey, and that his father was going to drive there to spend the night, and could ask her; or perhaps he would take Archie with him.

To this plan Archie’s father readily agreed, and to his great delight, his grandmother gave him a dozen eggs.



He said he meant to sell all the chickens which were hatched from them, and pay his grandmother for them ; for he thought it was not fair to take them as a gift, when he had sold all that Whitey had laid.

His grandmother said that he might give her one of the chickens as soon as it could leave its mother, and that would be the best payment. She told him that the chickens would require a great deal of care ; for the weather would be cold by the time that they came out of the shell ; and she gave him a great many directions about keeping them warm and dry, and about feeding them.

Archie had a very pleasant visit, and just as he was leaving the house, his

grandmother gave him a small basket filled with eggs for his Aunt Mary ; for she said the old gentleman must not miss his nice breakfast now that Whitey had ceased to lay. Archie was even more pleased with this than with his own dozen which he had in another basket.

Whitey brought out ten little white, downy chickens, and Archie took such good care of them, following his grandmother's directions exactly, that they all lived to grow up ; and after taking the handsomest to his grandmother, to pay for the eggs, he sold them for a good price, and added that money to his missionary fund.

The children who read the books which Archie's money helped to pur-



chase never knew how they were obtained; but the Lord Jesus knew, and loved the little boy who thus tried to do His will. The words on Archie's banner, "Freely ye have received, freely give," is one of the dear Saviour's commands. Whenever you think of them, remember also how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."





XII.

The Visit to the Farm.

“FATHER said that Mr. Miller would be here to-day with the apples. I wonder why he does not come?” said Harry Barclay to his brother George, as they stood at the window watching for some one.

“Hark!” said George; “I think I hear the bells now.” Both the boys kept quite still and listened.

Yes, there was certainly the sound of bells to be heard above the other noises of the city street. They leaned



far out of the window, and saw away off in the distance an immense covered wagon drawn by four strong horses, coming toward them.

A wooden hoop was over their collars, with bells hanging upon it. All the small city-carts were hastily driven out of their way, for the large wagon nearly filled the narrow street. Yet it was a very welcome sight to many of the inhabitants, for it came from the fresh, beautiful country, bringing delicious fruit, butter, and eggs.

The little boys who had been watching for it clapped their hands and shouted with delight as it stopped before the door of their father's store, over which they lived.

Though they had been so impatient,

they did not leave the window yet; for they could see what the wagon contained better there, and they knew Bridget would be at the door before them. Mr. Miller's son Isaac had charge of the wagon to-day, with a man to help him; and, as soon as the door was opened, he came to the back of the wagon, and, untying the string which held the cover there, began to take out some of the wonderful treasures, which were mostly the products of Mr. Miller's farm, though some of his neighbors had also sent produce for Isaac to sell.

First, he took out a wooden pail filled with fresh rolls of butter wrapped in neat cloths, with green leaves between; then a basket of fresh eggs;

then some chickens ready prepared for cooking; and, last of all, what the boys had been watching most eagerly for, a large basket full of splendid, rosy-cheeked apples. It was so heavy that Bridget had to help carry it into the house.

The boys left the window when they saw that, and were down the stairs helping themselves to the delicious fruit as soon as it was in the kitchen.

“What kind of a tree did these apples grow on, Mr. Isaac?” said George.

“Why, an apple-tree, of course,” said Isaac, laughing.

“O, I know that; but I mean, is it large or small, straight or crooked?”



“ Well, it is not very straight or very crooked ; and though it is not very high, the branches spread out very wide, and they are so near the ground that you can easily catch hold of them and swing yourself up into the tree, where you can pick as many apples as you can eat ; but why not go with me in the wagon and see for yourself ? I will bring you home when I come to the city again, if you wish. Come, Harry, what do you say ; will you go with George ? ”

The boys were speechless with surprise and delight. What ! ride in that wonderful wagon ! see the beautiful place from which all these nice things came ! It seemed too delightful to be true.



They both looked at their mother, who was busily engaged in putting away the rolls of butter. Yes, she had heard Isaac's offer, and smiled as she glanced at the eager, pleading faces.

"If their father is willing, Mr. Isaac," she said as she saw they waited for her to answer, "I shall be very glad to have the boys go. You are very kind to think of giving them so much pleasure."

Mr. Barclay's consent was easily obtained; for he had been very sorry that he could not send them out into the country during the summer; and Mr. Isaac drove off, telling them to look out for him between four and five o'clock that afternoon.

He had some more customers to serve, he said, and some things to buy for the folks at home, and then his horses must rest; but he thought he would be ready by that time.

At four o'clock, George and Harry, with their travelling-bag beside them, were again at the window listening even more intently than in the morning for the sound of the bells. In less than half-an-hour Isaac drove to the door. Peter, the man who was with him, was very willing to sit inside the wagon, where he could take a comfortable nap on the straw if he wished; so the boys climbed into his place by Isaac, and the horses trotted off briskly toward home.

The boys were soon further away



from the city than they had ever been before ; and Isaac was very much amused at their exclamations of delight at the large trees, the horses and cows feeding in the field, the green grass, and many other objects which were familiar to him.

It was nearly dark when they arrived at the farm, where they found a bountiful supper prepared, and received a kind welcome from Isaac's father and mother.

They had not much time to look about them that night, but the next morning they were up early enough to see the cows milked, and to go with Mrs. Miller into the dairy, where she poured the milk into pans for the cream to rise, which was to make the

nice butter brought by the great wagon to their door. The milk was not all left for cream, however; the boys had some of it for their breakfast, and they thought they had never tasted any thing half so good.

After breakfast, they went with Mr. Isaac to the field where the men were stacking corn. It had been growing all summer, and now, in the early autumn, the stalks were full of large ears, which only needed to be exposed to the sun a little longer to get fully ripe. A good deal had already been cut and tied in stacks, and Harry said the field looked like pictures he had seen of Indian villages, the stacks of corn were shaped so much like wigwams.



Just then Mr. Miller came up to them with a large ear of corn in his hand. “There !” said he, “have you ever seen any thing more beautiful than that ? See how evenly and close those kernels are laid ; there is a great deal of food for man and beast in this field, for each corn-stalk is loaded with just such ears.”

“And there is a fine sight for those who like pies,” said Isaac, pointing to the large yellow pumpkins which lay close together all over the ground ; “and the cows will get their share, too, but not in pies.”

“Have those pumpkins grown here too ?” said George. “O how much to grow on one field !”

“Yes,” said Mr. Miller ; “it makes

me think of a sentence which was read last Sunday in church, which I noticed particularly at the time: ‘Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.’ The Lord our God is a bountiful giver.”

A bountiful giver! These words expressed exactly what had been in the minds of the boys all the morning, as they had seen the profusion of good things everywhere, only they had not remembered before whose hand had bestowed them. Now joy and gladness filled their hearts as they thought of God’s love.

This did not make them feel any the less like having what boys called fun, though; and they were very much pleased when Mr. Isaac called his



youngest brother, Joel, a boy about fourteen, to come and show them the tree on which the apples had grown which he had taken to the city the day before.

Joel came very readily, and the boys were all pleased when Mr. Miller told him that he need not work at all while George and Harry were there, but go with them wherever they wished. They ran over the field as fast as they could without stepping on the pumpkins, and after climbing a fence they were in the orchard.

Here, again, was displayed the love of the bountiful Giver. The trees were filled with fruit, some of the branches so laden that they were propped up, lest the weight should break them, and

all about, the ground was covered with apples, which had been blown down by the wind. These, Joel said, were to be gathered to feed the hogs.

The orchard contained more winter apples than any other kind; but the tree of fall pippins which the boys had come to see had yet some apples upon it. As Isaac had said, the branches hung so low that the boys could catch hold of them, and, with Joel's help, easily swing themselves into the tree, where he followed them. The apples tasted much better as they ate them there seated on the branches, swayed to and fro by the wind, than they did in their father's house in the city.

After a while, Joel proposed that they should make a fire and roast some



of them. George and Harry were delighted with this idea, and slid down from the tree almost as quickly as Joel.

They followed him to the furthest corner of the orchard, where there were several flat stones. Joel laid the largest on the ground, and placed some of the others upright around it in the form of an open fireplace. This he filled with dry sticks and leaves, of which there were plenty scattered around, and then set fire to them with a match which he had in his pocket. When the blaze died down, there was a fine bed of coals left, before which he placed the apples on the stone, which had already become heated through. Each boy took his turn in

watching and turning them, while the other two amused themselves with picking up the apples which were under the trees and piling them in heaps.

George and Harry were so much pleased with the novelty of being at work on a farm, that Joel very good-naturedly went to the tool-house for a wheelbarrow, which they filled several times and wheeled to the shed next the pig-pen, the inmates of which gave a great many grunts of satisfaction when they smelt the good dinners they were to have at some future time.

It would make this story too long if I were to tell you of all that George and Harry did during their visit to the farm ; how they hunted for eggs in the



hay-loft, and ate them when they were cooked ; how Joel taught them to ride the horses round the field, and finally took them on the road on horseback ; all this they enjoyed greatly, but the best of all was going nutting with Joel.

It was so pleasant in the grand old forest, and the nuts came rattling down so thick and fast, as Joel, who was away up in the tree, thrashed the branches with his long, slender pole. George and Harry would not have found half he knocked down if he had not come from the tree and helped them. Even then, though they had each a bagful to carry home with them, they left plenty on the ground for the squirrels.

“ O mother ! ” said George, when he

told her of his pleasant visit ; “ there is so *much* of every thing in the country, — the fields are filled with corn and potatoes and pumpkins ; the barns with hay and oats and wheat ; the woods with nuts.”

“ Yes,” said Harry, as his brother stopped for breath ; “ and the orchard with apples, and the dairy with milk, cheese, and butter. Then we found lots of eggs.”

His mother smiled at this pleasant picture. “ God our Father giveth us richly all things to enjoy,” she replied ; “ and He only asks from us in return our gratitude and love.”

“ When I am a man,” said George, “ I mean to have just such a farm as Mr. Miller’s ; and I’ll send plenty of the



good things which grow on it to poor people who can't buy any."

This same kind thought came into Mr. Miller's mind; for just before Thanksgiving, he sent Mrs. Barclay an abundant supply of potatoes, apples, chickens, and pumpkins, to distribute among poor families. And George and Harry were made very happy by being allowed to carry them for her. That was their part of the gift; it was a small part, it is true, but they gave the time and strength it required, cheerfully and gladly.





